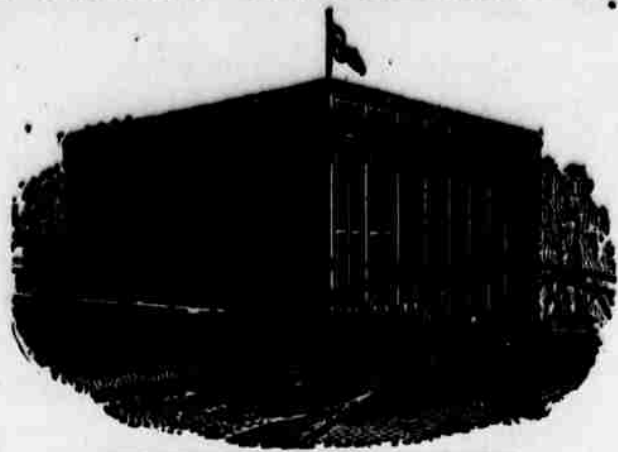


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As a striking instance of modern ingenuity that gathers up everything, that nothing be lost, and turns it to some account, the transformation of marble fragments into things of beauty, is cited by the New York Tribune as conspicuous. Formerly tons of clippings of the finest marble were thought of no better use than to make roads or marble dust. Now the little fragments are brought even from the far famous quarries of Carrara—home of the Italian anarchists—and are reunited in solid masses to form household ornaments, parts of buildings, mantels, monuments, etc. In a large brick structure in one of the small cities on the Sound is the factory of the company engaged in the marble mosaic business. As one enters he sees barrels full of marble of all colors, the fragments being of various sizes, from that of a pea to that of an egg or larger. The smaller size are already reduced enough to form the mosaic, but the larger ones are crumbled by powerful machines, then carefully screened so as to get an even grade of the size desired. The particles are then mixed with a composition of cement and other materials, and the mass is molded while soft into the desired shapes. Lying about one sees various molds for table tops, brackets, urns, mantels, cornices, paper weights, etc. When the mosaic has hardened it is smoothed and polished like solid marble, and takes a mirror-like finish. The various colors of the marble are made to appear to great advantage by contrast in some articles. For instance, a checkerboard will be laid out in the squares of red and black, alternating, on a table top of gray marble. The makers claim that the composition will last for a long time out of doors, and it has for a long time been used already (more particularly in the West, where it was first introduced) for building fronts, cemetery vaults, tombstones, etc. It will be seen that the marble mosaic has a great advantage in the way of cheapness over solid marble work. The material costs much less than solid marble in the block, while the work of molding, admitting as it does of indefinite duplication, is a less expensive process than cutting by hand. While many may be skeptical about the durability of marble mosaic as an outdoor building material, there is a good demand for the small articles finished for indoor ornaments.

Printed Poison.

Not long ago a gang of boy bandits was broken up in New Jersey. The boys called themselves Red Rangers. They had built a hut in the woods and were carrying on an extensive plan of plunder and burglary.

They confessed to the Judge before whom they were arraigned that their whole plan was drawn from 5-cent novels, and one of them was reading "Yellow Jack's Last Treachery" when he was caught.

A 16-year-old boy, who entered a store in New York City, and undertook to commit a robbery by first chloroforming a sleeping woman, admitted that he had taken his plot in detail from one of many dime novels he had read.

All this wretched mass of sensational and degrading reading-matter—"literature" is not the word to use—has been truly called our "free institutes for the promotion of brutality and burglary."

News-stands, book-stalls of the poorest kind, railway stalls all seem to vie with each other in the display of this debasing stuff.

It is time that the right of the public to be saved from having its eyes constantly offended, and its intelligence and sense of decency insulted, should be thought of.

The United States Supreme Court once declared that "No Legislature can barter away the public health or the public morals. Government is organized with a view of their preservation."

Legislation against the public sale of pernicious books for young people might well be extended and enforced.—Youth's Companion.

Show and Substance.

We suppose it is useless to tell those who have little money to spend, and have worked day and night to get that little, to think twice before they make an outlay of their hard earnings. But we can't refrain from saying, "What a pity!" when we see the children of parents in very moderate circumstances, tracked out in filmy finery, when good, substantial clothing might have been procured for half the money, in which they would have looked much prettier and more respectable. We often say, "What a pity!" when we see a working-girl flaunting a showy, dress bonnet that ill accords with her gown or shawl. We often say, "What a pity!" when we see a clerk dressed more extravagantly than his employer, or putting into the hire of a dashing carriage all the earnings of a week, or sporting the equipage on the promise of doing so without any expectation of performing that promise.

The rainy day of disaster that is sure to follow all this sunshine of folly, they will not see, though disgrace, and sickness, and a workhouse bed, and a nameless grave loom up in the future for many of them. "We can be young but once," is capable of more than one interpretation, as they seem to forget.

A New Melence.

We have had graphology, phrenology and a dozen other "ologies" for discovering personal characteristics, but the latest in this line is termed "scarpology." And what do you imagine the professor of this new science studies in order that he may tell you what you are or are not? Your old shoes! The doctor examines a shoe which has been worn for at least three months, and draws therefrom the most marvelous deductions. He discovers "between the lines," energy, apathy, anger—in short, all your weaknesses, large and small. For instance, if the toes and the soles are used evenly, it betrays energy upon the part of a man. With a woman it denotes delicacy, family love, and order. If the external edge of the sole is principally used it shows in either sex obstinacy and aggressiveness. If the pressure is mainly upon the inside

edge, it denotes weakness and irresolution upon the part of men—upon that of women, sweetness and modesty. If hereafter you see curious eyes directed to your feet, console yourself with the notion that you are being studied by a "scarpologist."

A True Charity.

Charity does not consist in doing "great things," but in doing what we can. A lady of moderate means, but large and tender heart, felt deeply for the poor during the past winter. She determined that not one scrap which could benefit another, should be thrown from her table. Everything was arranged systematically. Jars received each day the coffee grounds and tea leaves which had had their first "drawing." Receipts of different kinds were used for scraps of meat, pieces of bread, cold vegetables, etc. No matter how small the portion left, nothing was discarded. Each morning these were arranged in an appetizing manner possible, and sent to a destitute family, with the result that three persons have been fairly fed for the whole season, by that which would otherwise have been thrown away. Would not this idea, carried out upon a large scale, do much to solve the great problem which is racking the brain of the city government in large places—that of disposing properly of waste material? Could not an association be formed and a wagon sent out every day to collect such "left-overs," as people might have to spare? These could be distributed every day to the needy, and almost every body would be fed at no expense for food.

Game to the Last.

The pluck for which English people are noted is an admirable quality. It has carried them through a good many tough matches at home and abroad. A sketch of the late Lord Drayton shows us an amusing exhibition of this national characteristic.

The author of the sketch was accompanying the earl, then 85 years of age, down the stairs to see him safely into his cab. On descending the stairs they were met by a cheery old gentleman, little of stature, Mr. John Leven, who was slowly ascending, but in hand, mopping the dew off his bald head with his pocket-handkerchief.

The writer, knowing that both his friends, strangers to each other, were proud of their age, said to them as they met on the stairs:

"Let me introduce a gentleman of 85 to a gentleman of 82."

"Eighty-two?" echoed the earl, slightly lifting his hat to Mr. Leven. "I'll run you round the square for a five."

Some days afterward Mr. Leven called on the writer again, and remarked slowly and with much solemnity, "I've been thinking a great deal about that challenge. I wish I had taken it!"—Youth's Companion.

He Was Elsewhere.

Men of great learning may fairly claim the right to be absent-minded. They live in a world of ideas, and are naturally more or less oblivious of things of time and sense.

The doctor Mommensen, the famous historian of Rome, had not only the appearance but the manner of a scholar. No man, perhaps, was ever more absent-minded than he. He walked the streets of Berlin like some stranger from another world, not seeing his most familiar friends unless they stopped him by force and explained to him who they were.

One day during the half-hour's drive from Berlin to Charlottenburg, the car in which the professor rode went badly off the track. The rest of the passengers alighted, the horses were removed, and the stranded car was left until help could be found.

Mommensen remained, reading his book. An hour passed, and the sound of levers and jacks and the plunging of horses' hoofs aroused him from his reverie.

With no sign of discomposure, he rose from his seat and went to the door.

"Ah," said he, "we seem to have come to a stand-still!"—Youth's Companion.

Shoot Iron.

The thinnest iron sheet in the world has within the past few weeks been rolled in Swansea, Wales. It is twenty-five centimetres long and fourteen wide. Its thickness is exactly .005 millimetre. One may get an idea of this thickness by comparing it to a sheet of silk paper, which is ordinarily .02 millimetre thick.

Some iron manufacturers have advertised that they make visiting cards of thin iron plates. The longest steel chip is seventy-nine and one-half metres long and was turned in New York.

Approach of Age.

The first feature which denotes the approach of age is the eye. There may be wrinkles and crow's feet which come early in life, and are caused by various untoward circumstances. But the whitened ring which encircles the iris can be the result of but one thing, the passage of time. It is known as the arcus senilis. The coloring matter of the whole iris changes with advancing years and becomes lighter.

Apple Salad.

Did you ever try such a thing? It sounds preposterous doesn't it? And yet it is called very good. Cut celery fine. Cut tart, juicy apples in the same way and cover with lemon juice to keep them from growing dark. Mix apples and celery and cover with French dressing, placing the mixture tastefully upon lettuce leaves.

A Remarkable Record.

A married couple in South Brattle, Mass., celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of their wedding lately. It is stated that during all these years the services of a physician have never been required for either of them, except one, and that was forty years ago.

Love is like ice cream," a man said this morning. "No man can eat all there is in one establishment, and if he attempts it he will become sick."

Refuse to allow some men to impose on you, and they hate you forever.

RAVINGS OF AN ACTOR.

Insane Jabber of the Great Tragedian Heard.

I was walking along Market street, in San Francisco, the other morning, writes Amber in the Chicago Herald, raving as usual in the flowers that line the curbstones of that thoroughfare, when my attention was attracted by a placard swinging from the entrance to the phonograph establishment.

"Come in," it read, "and hear the ravings of John McCullough in his cell at Bloomingdale!"

I had known the great actor in his lifetime, and many a night had sat enthralled by the magic of his genius. So it was with a well-defined thrill of nervous horror that I entered the establishment, inserted the two rubber tubes of the instrument within my ears and caught the familiar tones of that deep voice, hushed for long years in death. Anyone who has ever heard the great tragedian's rendering of "Virginia" could not fail to recognize the master's voice in the phonographic rendition. But woven through it, like a stain of ineffable blood in a rich fabric, runs the awful impress of madness. It lends to the lines an awfulness impossible to describe. And when the impassioned utterances break off in a wild peal of laughter that seems so real that the listener involuntarily drops his hold and glances over his shoulder to see what mocking fiend is at his elbow, the effect becomes indescribable in its intensity. I hope it may never chance to anyone who reads these lines to hear a madman's laugh, but should such experience be theirs they will have some idea of the impression made by the phonograph instrument that caught the echoes of poor McCullough's maniac mirth and perverted it forever upon its delicate plates of magnetized steel. The sharp catches for breath, the rattling in the throat, the wild shouts and nasal spasms, all were there until, half faint with horror, I dropped the tubes and staggered from the place.

Friends.

It has been said that the brightest ray in the sunshine of one's youth are one's friends. When the mind is young and impressionable the influence of friends does much to shape it and direct its course in after life. Many careers have depended on the power of friends; many a great name would now be unknown but for the influence and self sacrifice of some friend who has fallen into that very oblivion from which his companion has been saved. Elizabeth Barrett Browning once asked, Charles Kingsley for the secret of his life. "Tell me," she said, "that I may make mine beautiful, too." His reply was a noble tribute. "I had a friend," he said. "It was a friend, undoubtedly of his younger days, when ties of affection are strongest and character is the most easily molded. This friend exerted his greatest endeavors to bring out the best that was in the writer, not to retard him with the worst that was in himself. So it is with all true friends. Their cardinal virtue is usefulness. They never feel the sting of jealousy, and each is always ready to rejoice in the success and prosperity of the other, and to prove a support and comfort to him when sympathy and encouragement are most needed. It is a truth as old as the mountains that 'a friend in need is a friend indeed,' and it is well that occasionally there be a need, otherwise we cannot know upon whom to rely when the hour of darkest trial is upon us. In many ways it is unpleasant to contemplate the fall of one of those who stand so close to us, and who have so often helped us to stand. Yet upon further consideration of our apparent misfortune in being obliged to say, as an old man once said, that we could fill a church with our acquaintances but could pack our real friends into a pew, in its best significance an encouraging truth. It is much better to place your reliance upon a few who share your confidence and understand your life, rather than to dissipate it among large numbers. Concentration is force; energy in friendship is the motive power of life and the developer of character. If faithful friends were not difficult to find we should not appreciate their value. We struggle to win them, we endeavor to hold them. As the machine is injured by friction caused by the introduction of extraneous matter, so a good friendship is often marred by misunderstandings which should never be present, but which will creep in from the most unexpected causes. The proper course in such a case is not to set aside so valuable a possession, but to stop short, as the machinist would stop his machine, and remove the matter that causes the disturbance. Then everything is as good as new, and a valuable lesson has been learned for future profit.

A Land of Extravagance.

Every one has heard that mahogany "sleepers," as the English contractors call railroad ties, are used very largely in Mexico, but I don't believe that many people realize that on one of the lines the ties are of ebony, and that a low grade of silver ore is absolutely used for ballast. Of course the explanation is that the ore did not pay to work, but this does not remove the expression of lavish extravagance which the first glance at this luxurious roadbed creates. More remarkable still, perhaps, is the beauty of some of the marble used in bridge construction. Mexico is a country of magnificent surprises and untold wealth, and a man sees more wasted material on a day's journey than seems to be within the range of possibility.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

His Present from the Czar in Pawn. The Czar of Russia gave a ruby and diamond ring to a Jewish photographer who came to this country about ten months ago. The photographer was unable to find employment and was compelled to pawn the imperial favor for \$35. He was unable to redeem it or to get another advance on it. He applied to the Hebrew Charities for bread and while there told the story of the ring. He proved what he said by showing the official order of presentation bearing the great seal of Russia. Work was secured for him and a loan was made to redeem the ring.—Jewish Tidings.

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